

College Freshman

NANCY L. MULLENIX

Rhetoric 101, Theme No. 10

THE COLLEGE FRESHMAN IS A HUMAN BEING. THIS IS probably the one fact that is universally agreed upon about one of the world's most controversial figures. He is also that miserable creature who, in spite of the many conflicting opinions about him, lives a hectic, nerve-racking existence. He lives suspended between two conceptions, endeavoring simultaneously to live down what is presumed about him and to live up to what is expected of him.

To his instructors the freshman is that crew-cutted, pink-sweatered, suede-shoed Einstein-Brando combination that bounds abruptly from mother's lap to fraternity house and immediately becomes the imagined center of gravity for the entire university. Having groped his way through the catacombs of high school years trying constantly to impress everyone within earshot with his importance, he has emerged a profound egotist, having convinced only himself. Since he already possesses infinite knowledge of the universe, he cannot be advised; he can only be prodded, commanded or ignored.

A freshman is a blob of protoplasm which exists only for the convenience of the upperclassman. He can be molded to fit any purpose—an extra for blind dates, a drinking partner (when nothing better is available) or a cash register that can be tapped at the end of an expensive week. He exists as a room number, a pair of cufflinks or an alibi for a broken date.

To his kid sister, the college freshman is the unpublished name behind all scandalous headlines and newspaper articles. He leads panty raids, spends all his leisure time drinking beer and playing pool, and his week-ends are one wild party after another. He attends classes only occasionally and gets his homework from a fraternity file.

Outwardly, there is nothing to suggest that beneath this multi-personality lies a bewildered, disgusted, discouraged individual who has discarded all aspirations to become a doctor, an engineer, or a lawyer and would be content as a fisherman, janitor, jockey or anything not pertaining to college. Map in hand, he has stumbled through twenty miles of registration and groped his way through a maze of buildings and classrooms, his lofty ambitions crumbling with every weary step. He has slaved for hours on a single algebra problem only to discover it was the wrong one. He has survived for days on hot dogs alone after searching hopefully through the mail each morning for the check that is invariably late. Ultimately, he walks about in a daze, caring for nothing but the end of the semester. His only encouragement is "Where there's life, there's hope."

Rain and Silhouettes

EDWARD STEPHANICK

Rhetoric 101, Theme No. 2

THE RAIN FELL SILENTLY. GLIDING OVER THE CONVEX asphalt of a narrow street, the water distilled a spreading oil slick into fused tones of rainbow. It slid from the flat tar roof of an aging tenement and, spouting from a leaky gutter, struck the upper pane of his top floor window, cascading down over the frame from pane to pane, finally to disappear across the stained sill. From where he knelt—elbows on the inner sill and chin in hands, his forehead lightly pressed against the glass—the tops of factories and houses, shrouded by the persistent rain, seemed to fuse into orderly rows of successively dimmer silhouettes.

Orderly rows of silhouettes. It seemed to him that his entire nine-year life had been spent packing the matter of existence into just such "orderly rows." To be sure, the shape of a silhouette varied from time to time as he added to or subtracted from it, and the more distant ones were always quite vague, but they were always there *in their own plane*, and that gave the composition a sense of orderliness and security. That the silhouettes could be changed without his express consent had never occurred to him; that they could co-mingle was unthinkable.

Uncle Fred had always predominated the nearest and clearest silhouette. The older brother of the boy's dead father, Fred had been both parent and pal. They loved to hike together, even on a wet October day like this—the man pointing up some curiosity in nature, the boy sprinting ahead with enthusiasm and wonder.

The rain kept falling monotonously, and he recalled with some pleasure the feel of light drizzle against his face, the scent of moist, newly-fallen leaves, the crackling rustle of almost-bare branches. But this morning, while the priest had chanted and the whirring contrivance had lowered Uncle Fred to the terribly final confines of a narrow grave, the chill rain had seemed to penetrate to his very heart, tearing and confounding as it went.

Abruptly the cascading stream from the rain gutter changed its course across the casement. It covered his view and the silhouettes became a blur. Then a change: the rain stopped, the sun came out, and when the water drained clear he saw a shining new world. The old, with its well-ordered, colorless silhouettes, was gone, and over the new arched a magnificent rainbow, its delicately diffused colors the fulfillment of what he had indifferently glimpsed in an ignoble oil slick.

Rhetoricized

CHESTER B. NUNN

Rhetoric 102, Theme No. 6

I DON'T RECKON A MAN CAN HARDLY TELL WHEN HE'S well-off no more. Now me, I was right satisfied with my readin' and listenin' ways. Why shucks, I used to sit for hours just readin' them books by fellas like Zane Grey and Max Brand. They sure write fine stories about the Old West—exciting too. I read other things, too. I liked to read up on modern people and happenings. I figure a fella ought to keep up on what's going on in the world and what mess them foreigners are gonna get us into next. Yes sir, I liked to read magazines, and the evenin's paper too. I had me a favorite chair I would settle into and read all them newspaper people had to say. I didn't understand it all but that didn't bother me. I just read what I did understand. The way people talked didn't bother me much, and I just ignored TV commercials. I even got right amused at my kids trying to put words into sentences. Yes sir, I was right blissful in my ignorance until that ignorance ruined my bliss.

It all started when I read somewhere that all men are *educable*. I figured that meant some fella had a cannibal streak in him, but I found out that it meant anybody that had all his marbles could get himself some book learning. Well I ain't missing no marbles, and I didn't figure book learning could hurt me none, so I ups and joins a rhetoric class. This was supposed to change my way of readin', writin', and listenin'.

Well it sure as heck did. It plumb ruined these long-enjoyed pleasures for me. First off we start in a book that's all about words and sentences. A sentence turns out to have more doggone parts than it has words. First, we learn how to take all them words and parts and get them assembled right to make good sense. You gotta—I mean *one must insure* that the correct words are placed in their proper place. I bought me—I mean I *purchased* a dictionary to help me with strange words. Finally, I got to where I was writing and talking in an understandable manner. I darn near wore out a dictionary doing it, but at least the professor doesn't laugh any more when I start to talk. I don't say *ain't* anymore because it is not in the dictionary, and I had to leave the "r" off *idea*.

About the time I began to get the drift of correct sentence structure and word usage I began to notice how they were used in whatever I was reading or listening to. This took the pleasure right out of reading. No longer can I thrill to the excitement of the "vulgar critter that stampeded that-a-way on a stolen cayuse." Now I picture an "ordinary man hurrying in that direction on an illegally appropriated horse." By the time I have correctly punctuated,

recomposed, and reparagraphed the article in newspapers and magazines I don't care what they were trying to say.

To further distract from enjoyable reading, rhetoric aroused my curiosity about unfamiliar words. I spend more time reading the dictionary than I do the article I started out to enjoy. The stories in the dictionary are so short and incomplete. For example, one article referred to an *apothegm*, so I looked it up. It is a *sententious precept*, or *maxim*. I looked up *maxim*. It says "see *adage*." Adage refers to proverb. I went back and started with *sententious*. I found that this means "abounding in *axioms* or *maxims*." By then I had to go to the article to discover why I was interested at all. I never found out because while I was reading the dictionary my wife had cut the article out of the magazine for the recipe on the other side of the page.

I can't even enjoy the pleasure of ignoring TV commercials anymore. Everytime I hear "What has Viceroy's got that other filter tip cigarettes haven't got?" I sit up and hope they will say "What do Viceroy's have that other filter tip cigarettes do not have?"

It is exceedingly distasteful to one thus skilled in the art of literary composition and elocution to have one's child say "Why are you doing that for, Daddy?" or "Can I, huh, have another candy?"

I can no longer enjoy the simple pleasures of my blissful past. I have been Rhetorized.

Jazz Man

NANCY L. MULLENIX

Rhetoric 101, Theme No. 7

THE JAZZ MAN IS A MODERN MAESTRO, AND MOOD MUSIC is his business. From dusk to dawn he wraps his soul around a mournful tune, weaving a soft, magical pattern in blue as his skillful fingers ripple fiddle-faddle on the heartstrings of barflies and patrons of dingy night-spots. He stands, a tall, black Joshua, pouring his lonely, liquid melodies into each bleak corner, floating them across the bar where, night after night, a million miseries and heartaches are ground into the polished mahogany or whisked away with a swish of the bar rag. The jazz man is a bit of flotsam in a frantic world. A sad-eyed trumpeteer with a ragged tune and a honey-colored horn, he fashions a new tonight for faceless puppets in smoke-filled basements and pieces together the remnants of yesterday's happiness. Transient in mind and body, he carries his heart in a trumpet case, and his home is a bandstand in a noisy, obscure room in a nameless city. Where he goes there is sweat and smoke and stomping feet—and laughter.

The Coral Snakes of the United States

RICHARD ABBUHL

Rhetoric 102, Theme No. 10

THE RECOGNITION OF THE CORAL SNAKES IS BASED ON several characteristic physical properties of the group. These poisonous snakes are often confused with similarly colored, harmless king snakes of the genus *Lampropeltis*.¹ Even though the color patterns look alike at first glance, they are really different. Only the true coral snake has a black nose, and red, yellow, and black rings completely encircling the body, with every other ring colored yellow.² The harmless "mimics" probably enjoy a certain amount of protection against predators who mistake them for the poisonous coral snake and give the bluffers a wide berth.

The body shape is another distinguishing point used in separating the harmful from the harmless. The coral snake has a cylindrical body, a blunt tail, and a small blunt head which is not visibly separated from the body by a neck region.³ The king snakes have a tapered head and tail, a neck region, and a slightly triangular body which is somewhat flattened ventrally.

There are two separate genera of coral snakes inhabiting the United States. *Micrurus* in the Southeast and *Micruroides* in the Southwest have different color patterns and different tooth arrangements. The main basis for identifying the two forms as separate genera is the tooth pattern. *Micrurus* has only two short fangs near the anterior end of the dorsal maxillary. *Micruroides* also has two short fangs near the anterior end of the dorsal maxillary, but has in addition two solid teeth near the rear of the same bone.⁴

The only easily visible external characteristic which may be used to identify the two genera is the third color ring. The third color ring of *Micrurus* is black, and the third color ring of *Micruroides* is red.⁵

For several reasons the bite of the coral snake is considered extremely dangerous to man. Its poison is neurotoxic.⁶ That is to say that the poison does not travel through the blood and lymph systems to the heart. Instead,

¹ Raymond L. Ditmars, *A Field Book of North American Snakes* (New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc., 1939), p. 241.

² *Ibid.*, p. 240.

³ Karl P. Schmidt and Dwight D. Davis, *Field Book of Snakes of the United States* (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1941), p. 274.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 274

⁵ Karl P. Schmidt, "Notes on American Coral Snakes," *Bulletin of the Antivenom Institute of America* (1928), p. 2.

⁶ Ditmars, *Op. cit.*, p. 241.

the poison travels through the nervous system, attacking and destroying the nerves as it goes. This type of poison causes less swelling and more pain than does the haemotoxic or blood-carried poison. The poison of the cobra is also neurotoxic and is much like the coral snake's poison in chemical composition. This fact is not at all surprising, because the cobra is the closest relative of the coral snake.⁷

The percentage of deaths resulting from coral snake bite is relatively high. This high death rate is due mainly to two factors. First, coral snake venom is more potent drop for drop than the venom of any other poisonous snake inhabiting the United States.⁸ Secondly, there is no known treatment for a coral snake bite. Antivenom is being used, but it does little or no good and in certain cases is even harmful. A tourniquet may be used and is advised in treatment of the bites, for though it may do little or no good, it can certainly do no harm.⁹ The best treatment includes using a tourniquet and keeping the patient comfortable and calm.

Until recently, the coral snake was considered harmless to man by many prominent herpetologists. This false assumption was probably based on several of the snake's habits and characteristics and is not really as hasty and unscientific as it at first seems. The snake has short teeth which are fixed in position. These teeth are ineffective dispensers of poison and they are even too short in some specimens to penetrate the human skin.¹⁰ The snake is gentle and seldom attempts to bite. His poison glands are small and not capable of producing a large amount of venom. He is secretive and seldom encountered. No bite of the western genus has ever been recorded.¹¹ This point seems to support strongly the theory that the snake is not harmful to man. The fact remains, however, that people have been killed by coral snakes.

The ranges of the coral snakes are presently inaccurately stated. The range of *Micruroides* is from Phoenix to Tucson, Arizona.¹² Recent field work by the author has produced specimens from Wickenburg, Arizona, fifty-four miles north of Phoenix, and one specimen from El Pasis, Sonora, Mexico, about one-hundred-seventy miles south of Tucson. These specimens extend the range both north and south of the presently designated range. The range of *Micrurus* is through Florida, the lower Mississippi valley, into north-eastern Texas, and north to Ohio.¹³ The extension of the range north into

⁷ Harry F. Davis and C. S. Brimley, *Poisonous Snakes of the United States* (North Carolina State Museum, 1941), p. 3.

⁸ Silas W. Mitchell, *Researches on the Venoms of Poisonous Serpents* (Smithsonian Institution, 1886), p. 11.

⁹ William H. Stickel, *Venomous Snakes of the United States and Treatments of Their Bites* (Washington Fish and Wild Life Service, 1952), p. 26.

¹⁰ Charles Howard Curran, *Snakes and Their Ways* (New York: Harper and Brothers, 1937), p. 271.

¹¹ Schmidt and Davis, pp. 276-277.

¹² *Ibid.*, p. 277.

¹³ Davis and Brimley, *Op. cit.*, p. 3.

Ohio is based on the collection of two specimens in southern Ohio. In view of the fact that these two snakes are five hundred miles north of their known range and considering that no additional specimens have been found in spite of many attempts by collectors to find them, it is the opinion of the author that these specimens are imports and not really natives of southern Ohio.

The coral snakes live under the ground. Both the eastern and western forms burrow into the earth, but the two prefer different types of soil. The eastern form lives in the damp fields of the southern states, and he is sometimes torn from his burrow by the plow.¹⁴ Occasionally the snake ventures to the surface. The snake comes to the surface only at night, in early morning, or in late evening.¹⁵ The western genus inhabits the dryer desert, and his visits above ground are much less frequent than are the visits of the eastern form.

The habitats of the coral snakes have never been extensively investigated. This lack of investigation is due partly to the scarcity of live specimens and partly to the difficulty of observing the coral snake in his natural habitat underground. The work on the habits of the coral snakes that has been done has been done, not in the field, but in captivity. While much reliable information may be gained by controlled observations, it must be remembered that studying the coral snake away from his natural environment renders some of the obtained information unreliable.

Coral snakes have been observed snapping from side to side when attempting to bite, instead of striking forward.¹⁶ When approached by an offending object, the coral snake nuzzles and chews instead of striking and releasing. The teeth are worked progressively deeper into the gripped object until resistance ceases.¹⁷

The coral snakes eat small snakes and lizards which they kill with their poison. These lizards and snakes are usually burrowing forms, and from this fact it is concluded that the coral snakes feed below the surface. The small size of the coral snake allows it to manipulate easily underground. The western genera is the smaller of the two. It attains an average adult length of about fifteen inches, the largest recorded specimen being twenty-one inches. The eastern species' average adult length is about twenty-four inches. The largest known United States coral snake measured thirty-nine inches.¹⁸

The coral snake breeds in early spring during the rainy season, and is often seen above ground at this time. From three to twelve eggs are laid in loamy soil where they hatch with no post-natal care. Approximately three months after the eggs are laid, the young emerge. The young measure from seven to

¹⁴ Schmidt and Davis, p. 275.

¹⁵ Karl P. Schmidt, *Coral Snakes of Central America and Mexico* (Field Museum of Natural History, 1933), p. 29.

¹⁶ Ditmars, *Op. cit.*, p. 241.

¹⁷ Curran, *Op. cit.*, p. 275.

¹⁸ Schmidt and Davis, p. 276.

twelve inches, and they are fully developed and quite capable of taking care of themselves from the moment they leave the egg.¹⁹

¹⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 276.

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THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SEASON

Deep in a section of forest in northern Illinois is an area that illustrates the beauty of Spring. During the latter part of April the forest floor is still very moist. Acorn shoots are probing into the soil with smooth, white tendrils and sending up green stems. Green and purple-red vines cover the forest floor in a wavy pattern. In clumps around the tree trunks ferns are uncurling their supple stalks. Brilliant green club moss surrounds the tree bases in a smooth carpet. Upon gentle slopes freckled patterns of sunlight dance upon the upturned faces of pink and white trilliums in their collars of green leaflets. Under a decayed log overgrown with fungus and most is a host of creatures. Blotched slugs, fat earthworms, yellow-headed grubs, and white termites pursue their ways, consuming the rotten matter.

RICHARD H. KLATT, 101.

The Keg and I

DOUGLAS HARKER

Rhetoric 102, Theme No. 2

IF IT IS TRUE THAT THE CHILDHOOD YEARS ARE THE formative years, my head would look like a pinch bottle. My earliest childhood recollection is of my sitting in a high chair and demanding, "More beer, Doug." Doug, my father, being the favorite neighborhood bootlegger, was in a position to satisfy my demand.

This Utopian situation was too good to last, and my father, a practical man, soon put me to work. At the age of four years I took my place beside the crock behind the stove. My duties included measuring exactly two teaspoons of sugar into each empty bottle, and then filling them from the crock by means of a small rubber hose. My father soon found that I was unsuited for the filling job because I could not keep the hose primed and as a result the profits suffered. I was then transferred to the capping department under the sink.

My father and I developed a strong father-son bond as we motored over rough country roads together in his big Stutz Bear Cat. The motive behind these trips was not all pleasure, because strapped to each bumper there rode a thirty gallon charred oak keg. It was a known fact that a hundred miles on the Stutz was the equivalent of five years in the cellar.

My father's business was a family affair, and I always looked forward to our joint tasks. We spent many happy hours washing bottles in the white sand of the Big Cottonwood Creek which wound its way through the woods behind our house. In the fall we gathered windfall peaches from the surrounding orchards. The farmers would trade a whole load of peaches for a gallon of Dad's brandy. The brandy was as clear as water, but packed a wallop like nitro-glycerin, and was very much in demand by Dad's customers.

My father was a man of high ideals and therefore refused the nomination to county revenue agent on the Democratic ticket in 1928. Everyone knew my father was a Republican, and his reputation would have suffered had he accepted the nomination. My father tried to instill these same high principles in me, and never missed an opportunity to have me meet important people. After I was twelve years old, Dad let me go to the county seat alone; I will never forget how friendly the commissioner and the sheriff were when they accepted the envelopes I delivered to them every month.

My boyhood was always exciting, but I remember one warm July night in 1929 when I thought the whole hillside was under siege. I was awakened by a fusillade of shots, and within a few seconds my father was helping me out of a rear window. The action slowed up after a few minutes, and my father crept back into the clearing. His roars of laughter reassured all of us. My

mother had bottled a batch of blackberry wine the week before, and she lost all but three bottles that evening.

In 1930 a radio announcer named Floyd Gibbons started predicting the repeal of the eighteenth amendment; we would all look at Father and he would snap off the old Atwater Kent radio defiantly. The presidential election of 1932 was a very important event in my life. Dad was an orator of the stump variety, and was much in demand to help defend the noble experiment. Dad often took me on his speaking tours to put up posters and pass out hand bills for him. I remember he used to tell every audience that a vote for Roosevelt was a vote for demon rum and the return of the saloon.

December 6th, 1932, was the most calamitous day of my life. Although I did not really understand what happened, I felt at this time that my security was in peril. I can still see the expressions on the faces of some of the townspeople as they paraded the streets, waving bottles of 3.2 beer, blubbing about their thirteen years of thirst. Most of them had been Dad's steady customers.

That night I helped Dad tear down the old equipment and put it in storage. About half way through the operation he declared, "Damn it, if we can't fight 'em any longer, we'll join 'em."

Within a few weeks Dad had built an organization which dispensed legal firewater in quantities unheard of in the old days, but he could never become accustomed to seeing his name on a beer truck in public, and would always turn the other way when one of his trucks passed by. Perhaps it was the lack of competition from the government men, or maybe it was the uninterrupted routine of legitimate business, but whatever it was the profession lost its color, and many of Dad's old cronies dropped from the fraternity, casualties of the changing times.

Dad stuck with the business, but he would never admit that it was anything but a temporary job. Until the day he retired, he kept the old equipment polished, and ready to go on a day's notice. He was going to be ready when the American people got tired of saloons.

Upper Air Soundings

A. S. PARENT

Rhetoric 101, Theme No. 1

MEN HAVE ALWAYS BEEN INTERESTED IN THE weather. In the earliest times weather conditions were observed and rain gauges and wind vanes, in their primitive forms, were used. It was not, however, until the 17th Century and the invention of the thermometer, barometer and other scientific instruments that weather observation began to

become a science, and modern meteorology had its beginning. Along with this beginning came the realization that observations at ground level told only a small part of the weather story. It was thought, and rightly so as we know today, that data obtained from the upper atmosphere would lead to a better understanding of general weather conditions.

The first attempt to obtain weather data from the free upper air was made in Glasgow, Scotland, by Professor Wilson of the University of Glasgow in July, 1749. The data obtained was limited to temperature alone. The method of obtaining the data was to attach a thermometer to a kite by means of a fuse. The fuse was lit before the kite was flown; and about the time kite reached its maximum height, the fuse burned through and the thermometer fell to earth, its fall being broken by a parachute type device. The thermometer had to be read immediately, of course, before the temperature of the earth changed its reading.

Prior to the first balloon sounding, and for a time after, mountain observatories were used as a method of obtaining data from upper levels of the atmosphere. The data obtained, however, were influenced by the surface of the mountain and were not representative of the free upper air. After some time the mountain top observatories were abandoned.

The kite remained the only method used for sounding the free atmosphere until John Jeffries and Francis Blanchard, of Britain and France respectively, made observations of pressure and temperature from a balloon. Their ascent followed by a matter of a few months the first ascent by man in a balloon, in October, 1873.

It remained necessary for man to ascend with his instruments in a balloon until Gustave Hermite and Georges Besancon, in 1892, after many years of work, completed the first successful "balloon sonde." It consisted of a balloon designed to carry weather recording instruments into the atmosphere. The balloon would ascend until it expanded and broke. The instruments then floated to the ground by parachute. The sounding balloon quickly became standard weather equipment, but, due to the fact that it was sometimes weeks or months before the instruments were recovered, the data obtained could only be used for statistical investigations, not current forecasting.

With the development of the airplane during the first World War, a new method of sounding the upper air was obtained. However, observations obtained by this method were expensive, and during storms, when observations were most desirable, the planes could not be flown. Although planes are still used to obtain upper air data, they did not remain for long the primary method of obtaining such information.

The primary method used today to obtain upper air soundings is the radiosonde, which consists of a balloon carrying a compact weather transmitting unit and a parachute to drop it to earth when the balloon breaks. "The first successful radiosonde ascent was made prior to 1930 by the Russian

Meteorologist, Moltchanoff, at Sloutsk, near Leningrad.”¹ Today radiosondes ascend to heights of 100,000 feet or more. By tracking with radar, wind directions and velocities can be obtained at high altitudes. The attached weather instruments automatically measure the temperature, pressure and humidity at different levels and the measurements are sent back to earth by the transmitter.

Today, rockets carrying special weather instruments are probing the atmosphere to heights of over one hundred miles above the United States. Little is known of the results of these experiments, but information from such heights should be extremely interesting and helpful in understanding the great ocean of air that surrounds our earth.

¹ *Climate and Man*, Yearbook of Agriculture, 1941.

The Class Ring

NANCY TYNER

Rhetoric 102, Theme No. 7

IN HIGH SCHOOL, THE MAJOR AIM OF EACH YOUNG GIRL was to find some unsuspecting youth whom she could call her boyfriend. “Going steady” became a fixation to most of us—something that had to happen to every girl before she could consider herself well-known and a success in the social cliques.

I will always remember the first time I wore a huge class ring on a chain around my neck. It was the most exciting time of my high school career. The boy was considered by many girls to be an extremely good “catch,” which added somewhat to my bliss. After all, not many of my friends could boast a big, husky six-footer with a sun-bleached red crewcut, dimples, and beautiful blue eyes. Even more exciting was the fact that he was a senior, while I was only a junior.

I didn’t know him too well when we started to go steady. The fact that we had two dates previous to our announcement was quite acceptable to us and to our separate crowds. We had no common interests, very dissimilar backgrounds, and quite opposite dispositions. In spite of all these obstacles, our romance flowered for four long days. I believe I missed that heavy gold class ring after it was gone more than the gay, fun-loving senior who left with it.

The Voice of the Rails

WILLIAM FRANK

Rhetoric 102, Theme No. 6

HAVE YOU EVER TAILED A SWITCHER AS IT DEAD-headed a string of reefers onto a spur? If this question leaves you a little confused as to its meaning, you aren't acquainted with railroad jargon. In plain, everyday English it asks whether you have ever ridden on the rear of a freight yard locomotive while it pushed several refrigerator cars onto a side track. The only difference is that the original question was put in the terms of railroad language.

A railroad man uses this language as he uses his arms or his legs—as something he can't do without, but which he very seldom notices. The outsider is different; to him this language is something romantic and spiced with a tinge of adventure. In order to understand some of these terms, let's follow a typical freight train and some of the language used in connection with it.

At the *yards* (freight terminal) the *pilot* (engineer) climbs into the cab of his locomotive and heads his train onto the *mainline* (city-to-city tracks). His train is chiefly composed of *reefers* (refrigerator cars), *hoppers* (coal carriers), and *flats* (flatcars), with a *crummy* (caboose) bringing up the rear. If the train is extremely long it will need a *pusher* (a second locomotive near the middle of the train). The train is pulled by a *cinder-burner*—what the steam locomotives have come to be called since the advent of the *oiler* (diesel locomotive).

As the train gathers momentum and moves over the *line* (tracks) the engineer will, from time to time, *give the cord to* (blow the whistle at) some *gandy dancers* (section hands) who will move off the *right-of-way* (track), dragging their *idiot-sticks* (shovels) in one hand and waving a hearty hello with the other.

As the freight *highballs along* (covers the mainline at high speeds), the *lash man* (observer) is perched in the *lighthouse* (caboose's cupola) in order to keep an eye on the swaying line of freight. He will dismount occasionally at *way stops* (small stations) to stretch his legs. Soon after he is back in his position, the train is skimming over miles of land, past a hundred *flashers* (highway signals), and over an occasional *woodpile* (trestle).

After countless stops and the exchange of all the loaded cars for empty ones, the end of the run draws near. Soon the train enters the *block* (control section of track) where the *ATC* (Automatic Train Control) takes over. Then the engineer sits back and guides the train over a maze of cross-tracks and switches leading into the yards, where—after disposing of the empty cars on some unused side track—the *sandhoggers* (maintenance men) *berth* (put into its stall) the engine.

Now the engineer's job is done but as he walks toward the dispatcher's office he thinks of the days when a decrepit steam engine would be *outshopped* (refitted) instead of replaced by a thundering diesel. Now all the great and powerful *coal burners* (steam locomotives) that once made railroad history are rusting in the *graveyard* (locomotive junkyard).

Diesels, though modern and efficient, lack the old railroad appeal, and the widespread use of them begins to mark the disappearance from railroad lingo of its most colorful names. The hundreds of slang names and classes for the different types of locomotives that used to speed down the rails have all but disappeared now. In the yards the men no longer exchange opinions about the Docksides, Camel-Backs, or Yard-Birds, as the powerful little switching engines were known. Even on the mainline, where diesels known by no name save their call number now shuttle most of the traffic back and forth, the Ten-Wheelers, Mikadoes, Atlantics, and Consolidations—the super-power of yesterday's railroad—are spoken of in terms of an era past.

Enriched by the new, flavored by the old, railroad lingo has come to be a ritual with the men who use it. Removing it would be the same as taking away their arms and legs. Listening to it fills you with the feeling of wonder and adventure that the railroads symbolize. It is the voice of an American institution.

The Bell Tolls For All of Us

MARTHA RINGNESS

Rhetoric 102, Theme No. 13

ALTHOUGH A COMBINATION OF LOVE AND ADVENTURE, *For Whom the Bell Tolls* by Ernest Hemingway is a novel dealing with a man, Robert Jordan, in the process of maturing. This maturity is achieved when Jordan learns that no man can be entire in himself. He is as dependent upon others as they are upon him. Anything which he does, even dying, affects those with whom he works and lives.

This theme is developed by using the secondary characters as foils for Jordan. Their attitudes toward him, toward his mission and how it would affect them, and toward their cause, Spanish freedom, serve to emphasize the stages in Jordan's growth.

His maturation began with a change in his attitude towards others and a change in his values. He came to Spain to do a job and he didn't give a damn what happened to the people.

You stayed with a peasant and his family. You came at night and ate with them . . . You did your job and cleared out.

But after living and working with a band of guerrillas, seeing that he depended upon them for the success of his mission as much as they depended upon him for the success of their cause, Jordan realized that he could not say that the future of these Spaniards was of no concern to him and still be honest with himself.

He believed in the Republic and that if it were destroyed life would be unbearable for all those people who believed in it.

From this initial change in attitude, Robert Jordan began to project himself outwardly. He trusted and was trusted. He loved and was loved.

Anselmo is my oldest friend . . . Augustin . . . is my brother, and I never had a brother. Maria is my true love and my wife.

I never had a wife. She is also my sister . . . and my daughter.

The final phase in Jordan's maturing was his decision to remain behind, injured, in order that his friends could escape safely. This meant death because he knew the Fascists would capture and kill him. But he also realized that, although dead, he would continue to live in each of his loved ones.

Die . . . that people cannot do together. Each must do it alone.

But if thou goest then I go with thee . . . We both go in thee now.

No Heartache Here

GEORGE GERHOLD

Rhetoric 102, Theme No. 3

IT WAS JUST TOO NICE TO STUDY, SO WE DECIDED TO desert our books for a game of football. We found one of the practice fields open. Just after we began our gridiron battle, a fraternity team arrived and began playing across the same field we were using. After the inevitable collision occurred, the fraternity team decided that we would have to vacate the field for them. If we didn't, they would find it necessary to continue to have collisions with our players. This juvenile behavior revealed to me two of the undesirable aspects of fraternities.

The first was their obvious disregard for the rights of non-members. They had no more right to the field than we did; yet they expected us to leave when they wanted to use the field. They as fraternity members must have considered themselves to be superior, above the level of common independents. Otherwise they would not have demanded the field. The use of a football field means nothing, but this incident does illustrate the attitude of superiority

among fraternity members. As Americans we are all supposed to be equal. This is obviously impossible, for some of us are superior athletes and some others are superior musicians. But this equality should mean that everyone is judged on his individual merits, not on his financial or social position which has enabled him to join a fraternity. One of the supposedly big advantages of fraternity life is that the student makes contacts which will help him in later life. If his prospective boss happens to be from another chapter of his fraternity he will have a much better chance to get the job. This too shows the widespread idea among fraternity men that they are superior. Is a man who lived in a house with a few Greek letters by the door better qualified for a job than a man who didn't? There is no reason to believe that he is. Fraternity men are not necessarily the best workers or students. At De Paul University only twenty-two percent of the male students are independents; yet year after year, about seventy-five percent of the Phi Beta Kappas come from this group. This indicates that fraternity men are not above average. If they are not, the fraternities and their members have no right to claim superiority or special privileges.

I was surprised that none of the fraternity members objected to the leaders who insisted that we should leave the field. In that group of over twenty there must have been some who did not agree with these actions, but no one said a thing. From this I decided that in a fraternity everyone must accept rather blindly whatever the leaders decide. The leaders decided that we should leave the field; there was no objection. The leaders decided that all the pledges should study from seven to ten; all the pledges study from seven to ten. Again, the use of the football field is meaningless, and studying for three hours a night is rather a good habit to develop. But the leaders make other decisions which are more important, and the members accept these too. Unless the members are going steady, the members all go on whatever dates the social chairman arranges. If the actives decide to go get drunk, the pledges go along and make fools of themselves. Sometimes this misplaced loyalty to the fraternity goes to extremes. The valedictorian of the graduating class at Allegheny College in Pennsylvania said last year that, if he were in a situation where he had to choose between his fraternity and the college, he would feel it his duty to choose his fraternity. By this I do not mean to imply that fraternities will produce hordes of automatons which will always obey big brother. However, I can not see any good which this period of unquestioning acceptance of authority will do for the individual or for society in general. That this acceptance is required of fraternity members is indisputable.

These two things which I have learned about fraternities have turned me permanently against them. I can not see that they do any good to anyone, but they, on the other hand, exert a negative influence on the members' personalities by making men feel superior. As for me, I could never stand to have to do what some one told me to just because he was an upperclassman. These are two reasons that I will always be glad that I was an independent in college.

My Most Unforgettable Character

BRAD JOHNSON

Rhetoric 101

I LIVE ON THE FRINGE OF THE LAKE COUNTRY IN southeastern Ontario. About ten miles north of my home the small back lakes are scattered everywhere. The farming isn't very good here and the farmers find it hard to make a good living in this rocky, shallow ground. The barns are not freshly painted and well kept as farms should be; they're unpainted, drab and often rundown. But nearly every farmer has something many who live in fertile areas would envy—he has the lakes. They're beautiful—small and clear and always dark green with the reflections of the pines and spruce.

It was in this country that we wanted to build our cottage. We had learned of a farmer who had some lake frontage that he wasn't using and we drove the forty-five miles back to his farm. The first thirty-five miles were fine, but we left the highway and bounced and bucked the next eight miles over narrow washboard roads. Then we left the county road and crept the remaining mile or two over a rocky lane. It wasn't hard to find the farm. The road ended at the door.

Two faces appeared at the dirty, fly-covered window as we got out of the car. The front door opened and a stocky man of medium height came out onto the slanting porch and greeted us with a "howdy." He grinned when he said it and I could see his two teeth, yellow and stained with tobacco juice. Even with his week or ten days' growth of beard I could see the lump beneath his lower lip that indicated the wad of tobacco there. Behind him in the doorway stood a redheaded boy of about ten or eleven and a girl of maybe fourteen, and the mother. They were both redheaded too. The boy stared at us; the girl and the woman smiled slightly and the woman tugged at her dress when she thought we weren't looking. This was Harvey Duscharme and family—at least part of the family; we didn't see the two old men till later. One of the old men was blind and lame; the other was deaf. They were Harvey's father and uncle respectively.

We told Harvey that we wanted to buy some of his land, but we did not try to rush him and I think he liked us for it. He wanted someone to talk to and so as we toured the property he told us that his grandfather had cleared this land single-handed, with an ox and a team of horses. We soon found out that Harvey was not of the same stock as his grandfather. He was lazy, content with a few chickens and a cow and a team of horses. He had a little garden in which he grew potatoes and carrots and that was all.

We made a gentlemen's agreement on the purchase of the land and in a

few days had the deed drawn up. We took the deed to Harvey for his signature. He grinned toothlessly at us when we handed him the paper. He looked at the paper, turned it over and looked at us again. My dad showed him where to sign it and he took the pen and slowly and methodically made an X. He put a dot beside the X with a flourish—if there is such a thing as making a dot with a flourish. He looked at us seriously now and said, “Wal, that’s her.”

We worked nearly every weekend building the cottage and Harvey would come down and watch for a while. He would stand with his hands in the pants pocket of his overalls and spit tobacco juice as he talked to us.

About the third weekend that we worked on the cottage he came down with a mail order catalogue and showed us a battery radio that he said, “the wife wants.” We thought it was a wonderful idea because they had no electricity and it would make life a little less drab for them. We offered to get it for him in the city and thereafter the Duscharme family treated us like gods. They listened to the “raddio” continuously and it seemed that Harvey was always saying to my dad, “Ted, d’yuh think you could pick me up one of them battrys fer my raddio?” Usually a plug of chewing tobacco was included in the order because Harvey was “quite a piece” from the store and he had to walk if he wanted anything. Out of gratitude Harvey cleared the shoreline of brush and when we returned the next weekend the shore was lined with neat piles of branches and small trees. Thereafter it was a sort of silent agreement. Harvey would tell us that the “battry” was dead and the next week when we came up with the new one, more brush would be cleared away.

Harvey’s language was very colorful. Of course his grammar was terrible and his vocabulary very limited. Harvey said that “he was never much of a one fer schools anyways.” After a while we could talk easily with Harvey and understand that “pint” meant *point* and “yarp, un huh” (with a little sucking in of air) meant *yes* or *of course* or *certainly* or *I guess*. Harvey’s son, Roly, wasn’t “much fer schoolin’,” either. He was still in the second grade when we sold the place four years later.

Over a period of two summers Harvey’s livestock and equipment dwindled down to just two horses and a hay cutter. He’d eaten all the chickens and had sold the cow when his father died. Harvey’s father was half the source of income for the Duscharme family. The other half was Harvey’s uncle. They were both in their eighties and the two monthly pension checks kept the family going. Harvey was too lazy to try to make something of his farm. We brought him two hundred pounds of seed potatoes. The very few that were planted were planted by Mrs. Duscharme. The rest were eaten. Harvey was hopeless. Since we knew he didn’t grow any grain or crops we asked him why he kept his horses. “Wal, I got to get in the hay, don’t I,” said Harvey.

“But what’s the hay for?” we asked.

Harvey thought a second, then he looked at us sheepishly and grinned his toothless grin again. “Wal, I guess it’s to feed the horses, ain’t it?”

Oftentimes they had no meat for their meals and yet seemed happy with a big bowl of boiled carrots, potatoes and tea. In spite of their hardships, and what may seem to us a terribly drab and lonely existence, these people were happy and content. They did not know any other life and probably wouldn't have been happy in a city with modern conveniences and all the hustle and bustle of our "speed age."

We sold the property a couple of years ago but we still manage to go up there once in a while and sometimes take up a "batty" for the radio and some chewin' tobacco and maybe some candy for the redheaded boy and the redheaded girl. We talk, and Harvey grins his toothless grin and spits, and the redheaded kids smile, and the redheaded woman smiles and straightens her new dress when she thinks we aren't looking.

I Hate Myself

CHARLES O. NAGLE

Rhetoric 102, Theme No. 3

PREJUDICE STINKS. I THINK IT DOES ANYWAY. I KNOW there are those who like its odor and are always rubbing their noses in it, but those who go around holding their noses and doing nothing to get rid of the smell are the ones that really make me mad.

One night about a month ago I was struggling through some dry Greek tragedies when Jack, one of the new fellows in the house, rescued me from a boring evening alone with Euripides and Sophocles. Jack and I got along fine from the start; in fact, we spent the rest of the night—until four thirty A.M.—swapping philosophies, stories and troubles in what is known as a "life-story bull session." It was, of course, inevitable that a few hours were devoted to racial and religious prejudice. We exchanged our opinions and found that we both agreed on almost every aspect of prejudice, that it isn't doing anybody any good, and that—well, it just has to go, that's all.

Jack and I became close friends and spent many evenings trying to understand that element in human nature that leads so many into prejudice, makes people take it as matter of fact and unchangeable. We were really too inexperienced to tackle such a project, but Jack and I really did try earnestly to "convert" some of the more prejudiced fellows in the house.

Then a week ago I caught a mild case of the flu, and, not wanting to pass it on to everyone else, moved to McKinley Hospital for a few days. I was quartered in a four-bed room where I met a Negro junior in electrical engineering who lived at M.R.H. We talked about everything from politics to

building costs, swapped crude jokes, and I went to sleep looking forward to tomorrow. It wasn't going to be so dull after all.

The next day, Tom, the Negro boy, and I were playing cards when in walked Jack—in pajamas! He had picked up the flu, too, and was in a room just down the hall. The three of us shot the bull for a while, then a nurse shoed Jack back to his room. A few minutes later, Tom started moaning over his lack of cigarettes. Since I knew Jack smoked, I told Tom I'd sneak down the hall and see if Jack could spare a few.

As I was picking a package of cigarettes out of the carton, Jack said, "Better watch that colored boy, Chuck. Might pull a razor on you while you're asleep tonight." I uttered that kind of half-laugh (along with the three other boys in the room) that usually goes with any mediocre bit of humor, and started back to my room. Suddenly I stopped! A joke—a joke was what it was meant to be, but it wasn't just a joke. It was a joke with "prejudice" stamped all over it! It had just slipped out, and I had laughed at it. What about the others in the room? Had I done anything to convince them that prejudice was wrong? No, I was holding my nose, but I was doing nothing to get rid of the smell. I hated myself and my own best friend.

I could hardly talk to Tom that night, knowing that I still hadn't conquered that old fear of being different, wondering what other people would think and say. If that wasn't it, then why had I subconsciously accepted what Jack said as a joke? Why? I think I know why.

From the time I was born until this very day I've had prejudice crammed into me, thrown at me, and at times forced on me. Parents, relatives, friends—all have played a part in deeply rooting a fear of public opinion that effects an automatic subconscious uneasiness in me whenever I'm seen walking or riding with Negroes or Jews. This fear of what other people will think has put a crack in my ideals. If it widens, I gradually forsake everything I believe in. To mend that crack, however, is my goal now. I guess the only thing to do is to keep trying. Somebody has to start wiping out prejudice. I'm willing to put in the effort, but I'll need some help.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SEASON

The shallow ponds formed in the low areas drain into a large oval of black water grown over with twisted and bent, vine-like structures that form an impassable tangle over the entire surface, giving it an air of mystery. In the dark waters surrounding the swollen and exposed tree roots are infinite numbers of insect forms. Submerged caddis worms living in hollow columns of tiny leaves await unsuspecting prey. Mosquito larvae wiggle among black tadpoles. The tiny croaks of spring peepers fill the cool, moist air.

The trees open to a meadow containing a large pond circumscribed by a marsh of cat-tails and grassy hillocks. The racing clouds are mirrored in the still water that is disturbed only by the movement of a family of wild ducks on the opposite shore. The wind whistles as it strains through the tops of the pine trees.

Errand to Run: An Exercise in Monotony and Excitement

DAVID B. LELLINGER
Rhetoric 102, Theme No. 4

SORT THE PAPERS AND RUN OUT THE BACK DOOR AND down through the alley. Go past Trelease's triangular sign and the bus depot. Cross the street, if the light is not against you, and turn left along the colorful shop windows. Continue in front of the big, white house and the parking lot and the billboard. Step around the lurid posters. Wave to the half-sleeping cashier; four o'clock is not a busy hour for her.

Pull open the heavily curtained door and cross the butt-littered tile floor, making certain that you are between the correct pair of brass posts and purple ropes. Notice the gaudy posters of what is to come. Take the leatherette-covered door by its shiny aluminum handle and step through. Shuffle your papers incessantly so that the man at the door will know you. Proceed; he waves you on; be sure to smile back. Adjust your eyes to the light and tread down the carpeted stairway under the "men" sign. Pay the thick carpet hiding some rotting wooden stairs no mind; there is work to do. Spiral downward; tread quietly across the untidy tile floor. Notice the three urinals posing like three gargoyles on the wall. Turn abruptly to the left and face the Chinese red door. Knock sharply and twist the big brass knob in the middle of the door. Do not guess; open it to the right.

Watch Algren at his big walnut desk. See the hat he always wears when at work. Perhaps he wishes to shield his eyes from the one hundred watts of alien light that project themselves into his green lair from the ceiling directly above his head. Bid him good day; listen closely, for he might say hello. Shuffle your papers again; hand him the ones which pertain to him. Watch him check the papers for errors. Be sure to note the changes he makes on each, and make certain each piece is initialed properly. Observe the interesting sansavaria plant growing in the seven-sided pot. Watch out for the miniature bear trap on his desk; it works. See, he is missing the first portion of the index finger of his left hand. Look at the bronze-trimmed, green onyx, oversized ring he wears. Speculate on its use; the carved crevices seem stained rather heavily. Help him collect the papers and arrange them for returning to you. See him clip a note to the outside sheet. Accept the bundle of papers from him, being careful not to lose the note he has clipped on the outside. Scrutinize his addition to your burden closely, for you are responsible for its safe return. Watch him take a slow drag on his cigarette, scratch his head, and start to speak. Return his greeting in a pleasant manner. Consider yourself fortunate that he has been so friendly today.

Turn and walk swiftly to the door. Open it and shoulder past the Chinese red door frame. Do not pause, but skip up the steps and salute the door keeper as you leave. Be his friend; he permits you to enter the sanctum to transact your business with the man behind the Chinese red door. Don't stay long; keep at your work. Push the doorplate and re-enter the realm of the unimaginative.

The Possibility of a Man-Made Space Satellite

ROBERT WORTH BUDDEMEIER

Rhetoric 102, Placement Theme

THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT RECENTLY announced that tentative plans existed which called for the launching of a MOUSE (minimum orbit unmanned satellite of Earth) sometime in 1957 or 1958. Thus, we may reasonably assume that the construction of a space satellite is not only possible, but imminent. However, this satellite will not be anything like the magnificent and imaginative creations which science-fiction writers have been wont to portray. In the first place, it will be unmanned (reports indicate that it will be approximately the size of a basketball, and therefore will be extremely difficult to provide with any sort of crew). In the second place, it will not be a permanent satellite; in a few weeks or months it will be pulled closer and closer to Earth due to the force of gravity, and will eventually be vaporized by the intense heat caused by friction against Earth's atmosphere. The final major difference between the space satellite of fiction and the space satellite of reality is that the real space satellite will not be a huge city in the sky, or a launching platform for interplanetary rockets, but merely a box of instruments for collecting and relaying back to Earth data which is not obtainable on Earth's surface.

We are assured that a space satellite is a definite possibility from the standpoint of technology. All that is necessary is to design and construct the satellite—which not only can be done, but is being done—project it into space, and sit back and let nature and the automatic instruments contained in the satellite do the rest. The United States Government has said that the satellite will be built and launched within the present decade, and once that is done the success of the satellite is virtually assured; our government is noted for its skill at sitting back and watching things happen.

However, another question now arises. Although we know that a space satellite is a physical possibility, we also see that it will be a rather unprepossessing little object, with not much glamor and no immediately practical

use. Consequently, we are inclined to ask ourselves if it is worth the effort to construct this satellite. In other words, is the artificial satellite a possibility in terms of practicality as well as in terms of technology? The answer to this question involves many complex factors, but in my opinion, and, I believe, in the opinions of the scientists and officials concerned with this satellite, the construction and launching of such a satellite is not only practical, but highly desirable. The satellite will provide us with much invaluable information about conditions in outer space, cosmic and solar radiations, and the effect of the extreme temperatures of space on man-made machines. This information will aid scientists in planning and constructing a manned satellite, and ultimately, interplanetary vehicles. With this done, a new and glorious era will open for mankind.

Copper: From Ore to Metal

GEORGE A. MORRIS

Rhetoric 102, Theme No. 3

FEW OF US REALIZE THE WORK AND TIME THAT ARE consumed in the production of copper metal from its ores. We have the metal and can use it only after a lengthy process of refining which starts with mining and ends with final molding of the pure copper bars.

Copper ore is mined in many ways, but the method most often used is open pit mining. In such a mine operation the ore is scooped off the top of the ground by huge electric shovels and loaded into railroad cars. When a train-load of ore has been loaded, the ore train is taken to the crushing plant.

In the crushing plant the ore is unloaded from the cars and fed into machines called "gyratory crushers." Gyratory crushers are funnel shaped machines with a big spindle in the middle. Gyration eccentrically, this spindle crushes the ore against the funnel wall. As the ore travels down the funnel it is crushed to smaller and smaller size. The ore comes out of the gyratory crusher in about fist size and is taken via conveyor belt to the disk crushers. These crushers are two metal disks which are horizontal to the ground and revolve in opposite directions. The ore is fed into the middle of these two disks where it is crushed and worked toward the outer edge until it reaches a size of about three quarters of an inch in diameter. This three-quarter-inch ore is then transported to the concentrator.

In the concentrator the ore from the disk crushers is mixed with water and fed into ball mills. These mills look like big barrels with steel balls in them which are about eight inches in diameter. These mills are at a slight slope and the ore is fed in through a hole in the upper end, after which it is ground

to a very small sand-like size by the action of the steel balls rolling over it. The action of the balls is caused by the outer barrel-shaped shell which is turning fairly fast. After the ore has been ground it is floated out with water and is removed through a hole in the lower end of the mill.

The mixture of fine ore and water is then run into flotation cells where it is mixed with a little pine oil. The cells are about six feet deep, six feet wide and forty feet long. Air is then blown up from the bottom of the cell, forming bubbles which get an oily coat of pine oil. As these bubbles travel through the ore-water mixture the finely divided upper particles cling to them and are separated from the useless material.

The bubbles are scraped off the top of the flotation cells and sent to a filter plant where most of the water is removed by filtration, leaving a caked mud of relatively concentrated copper.

The caked copper mixture from the filter plant is then taken to the smelter. Here the copper mixture is heated in furnaces until it melts, and, because the copper is heavier than the melted useless material, it is easily separated and drawn off. After having been drawn from the furnace, it is cast by pouring it into molds and cooling it. These casts of copper are then sent to the plants where copper articles, or articles with copper in them, are manufactured.

Rhet as Writ

For I know someday I'll graduate and what I will have in my head will be no burden.

While nagging at her husband, Mrs. Dodsworth would have lover after lover.

I can't recall how the zoo started, but one by one my basement was filled with the collection. First came my dog, mugsy, who had a tendency to run away every other day. Mugsy was closely followed by five turtles, whose names I can't recall, and three goldfish.

I imagine many people have wanted to punch another person at one time or another, or maybe I am too voluptuous.

It is not only important to be a good housekeeper, mother and budgeter but also the traits of a Christian are needed. That previous statement refers to the girls.

For adults, there are many of these learn-how type of shows, ranging from how to care for the new born baby to fixing a leak to the room.

Dogs have been in our family for years starting with my Grandmother

The type of people that live in this region are friendly, courteous, and common.

To a child an angel is a beautiful creature in white robes floating on a cloud.

Rain was falling on the dirty widows, . . .

